Come heere to day?

*Salerio.* My Lord, heere ſtayes without
a meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?

*Duke.* Bring vs the letters? call the Meſſenger?

*Baſſ.* Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood?

*Antho.* I am a tainted vveather of the flocke,
meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruite
drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

*Enter Nerriſſa.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

*Ner.* From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?

*Baſſ.* Why dooſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

*Iewe.* To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?

*Gratia.* Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
thou makſt thy knife keene: but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keeneneſſe
of thy ſharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?

*Iewe.* No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

*Gratia.* O be thou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that ſoules of Animalls infuſe themſelues
into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
gouernd a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine ſlaughter
euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
and whileſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam;
infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
are vvoluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.

*Iewe.* Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall





to cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.

*Duke.* This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by
to know your aunſwer whether youle admit him.

*Duke.* With all my hart: ſome three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receit of your letter I am very ſicke, but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*: I acquainted him with the cauſe in cõtrouerſie between the Iew and *Anthonio* the Merchant, wee turnd ore many bookes together, hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered vvith his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation, for I neuer knew ſo young a body with ſo olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

*Duke.* You heare the learnd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?

*Portia.* I did my Lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

*Por.* I am enformed throughly of the cauſe,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the *Iew*?

*Duke.* *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

*Por.* Is your name *Shylocke*?

*Iew.* *Shylocke* is my name.

*Por.* Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law



cannot